

# EIGHTBALL

Number 3

For Mature Readers



## The RETURN OF YOUNG DAN PUSSEY



David Cooper



# THE EIGHTBALL PROFILE

## PASTOR ROBERT TILTON

**A**t this point in the Post-Saker era, I'm sure it's considered passé or worse to poke fun at televangelists, but this oily, grating, wild-eyed, pill-popping confidence trickster is so intricate, vulgar, transparent and unhesitant in his greed that he demands our closer scrutiny.

His nightly, taped, syndicated program, "Success in Life" (sic) relentlessly hawks both the anti-Christian anti-faith of what Tilton calls "gooding." If you "show your seed with God" (i.e. send Tilton a minimum "vow" of \$1,000) you will very shortly reap considerable worldly profits. To help things along, Bob will send you a special "anointed prayer cloth" at no additional cost.

The show is peppered with taped segments of believers' testimonials (we regular viewers call this "The Saker Piece"), inconclusive biblical interpretations (limited exclusively to "what you must make a vow and pay on it") and amusing toronto-syndrome-style outbursts of "tongue-sweeping."

The bulk of Bob's "parishioners" appear to be gullible, low-income, white trash, get-rich-quick types who can ill afford to part with a few bucks, much less the \$1,000 that Bob insists upon. "100 dollars? Well that's not much of a commitment, is it? What will God think of you when he sees that?"

I HAVE HERE A VOW OF A THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM A WOMAN IN LOUISIANA... SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE UNABLE TO HAVE CHILDREN AND SHE'S ASKING GOD FOR A MIRACLE...

SATAN! GET OUT OF HER GENITALS! SATAN! GET OUT OF HER HUSBAND'S PRIVATE PARTS! GOD CAN GRANT ANY MIRACLE YOU CAN THINK OF BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PAY ON YOUR VOW!

ANointed  
PRAYER CLOTH

# Like a Velvet Glove cast in Iron



MISTER ?

Donald Rumsfeld





I FELT TOO SOOLISH TO GO BACK SO I KEPT WALKING ALONG THE LAKE... I-I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE OUT IN THE WATER...



THERE WAS A MAN FLOATING WAY OUT IN THE LAKE, WAVING AT ME... AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS PAUL BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN...



I SWAM OUT TO SEE WHO IT WAS. NONADAYS I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN SCARED BUT BACK THEN THINGS WERE DIFFERENT. YOU DIDN'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING BAD HAPPENING...



I DIDN'T KNOW HIM...  
HOW CAN I SAY THIS?  
...HE WAS THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL MAN I  
HAVE EVER SEEN...  
I MEAN THAT MORE  
THAN JUST PHYSIC-  
ALLY...

OH GODDNESS-- I-I DON'T KNOW... I CAN'T DES-  
CRIBE HOW I FELT AT THAT MOMENT...



HE CARRIED ME TO THE EDGE OF A  
SMALL ISLAND AND WE MADE LOVE.



I WANTED TO HOLD ON TO HIM,  
TO STAY WITH HIM, BUT... IT  
WAS LIKE HE DIDN'T UNDER-  
STAND WHAT I WAS SAYING.



HE SWAM AWAY TOWARD THE MID-  
DLE OF THE LAKE... IT WAS SOME-  
THING LIKE FIFTY OR SEVENTY-  
FIVE MILES ACROSS...



FIVE MONTHS LATER TINA WAS BORN. WHEN THE DOCTORS SAW WHAT SHE LOOKED LIKE THEY WANTED TO GIVE HER A LETHAL INJECTION BUT I SAID NO... WITHOUT TINA, THE WHOLE THING WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE A DREAM.



I - I KEPT GOING BACK TO THE LAKE - PRACTICALLY EVERY NIGHT FOR YEARS. THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME I EVER SAW HIM... NOW IT'S ALL BARRICADED. THEY SAY IT'S TOO DANGEROUS BECAUSE THE POLLUTION IS SO BAD...



WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST NAME ?



IS IT CLAY ?  
IS THAT IT ?



DON'T YOU WANT ME, CLAY ?



DON'T YOU WANT TO FUCK ME ?



The following morning ...











# OBITUARIES

## SAMMY LOVING FORMER RADIO PERSONALITY

Sammy Loving of Goodrich Radio died last night of a heart attack. Loving was 45 years old. He was born in New York City. He was a popular radio personality during the 1940s. His funeral services will be held at Paul Bergman Funeral Home.



SAMMY LOVING

Copy and tell  
to the newspaper  
the government has

to the newspaper  
the government has



Don't forget to  
call the newspaper  
the government has







# The Stroll

By Daniel Clowes ©1990

Hey, it's the toogie guy from the Huddle House.



Got lost.

HEY GUY...  
YOU GOT A  
DOLLAR FOR  
THE BUS?



He usually hangs out with the Bisma Park Jr. League. Looks like he's got a new friend.



Yeah, I've got a dollar. What about it?

HEY,  
GUY.



Jesus Christ! Give it a rest!



HEY  
GUY...

What the fuck! He could get a job. What does he want from me. I'm a cartoonist! Why would I give him money anyway, there are other people way worse off!



— YOU KNOW  
WHAT I HAVEN'T  
HAD IN A  
LONG TIME



If I ever see him again,  
I'll throw a rock through  
his fucking windshield!



I can't believe the way  
people drive. It's like  
they have no regard  
for human life. Fuck-  
ing chitsags!



C'mon baby ... I'm in a  
hurry ... Come on ...



MOVE !



Jesus Christ! Fucking  
road-block!



... Guess I'll go this way  
for awhile ...



I can go by the news-  
stand and get a paper.



Get, she stopped. Time to  
tie my shoe... I don't  
care if I'm obvious ...





Jesus! That must be her mother. It's scary to think that she'll probably look like that someday. It's tragic.



shit. oh well...



I'll cross here so I can look at myself in the one-way mirror...



YAAAAGH!



shit! I hate teenagers.



Yeah, what are you looking at?



Fuck you, mother-fucker! Try it and I'll kick your ass!



I wonder what would happen if I got stabbed and they stole my wallet and I was unconscious in the hospital. How could they call anybody?



Man I'd really be fucked if I had to go to the hospital for anything anyway.



If I got insurance I'd probably never get sick and I'd wind up just throwing all that money away. Insurance sucks anyway.



I don't really want a paper.



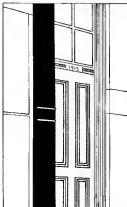
Phib, what was I thinking about before? Hmmm...



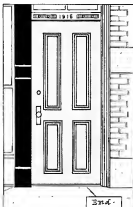
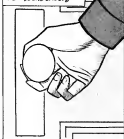
I wish I had a better memory...



I wish I could focus my thinking better... Great thinkers must be able to focus on one thought for hours without being distracted...



I wish I was more of a humanitarian... I really feel a sense of kinship with people who have altruistic, humanitarian values... I admire them... Unfortunately most people seem like mean-spirited trolls to me... or kind of something.





# The Young Manhood of Dan Pussey

- or - *Portrait of the Artist as a young Pussey*

- By -  
Daniel Cleaver  
1991

**PROLOGUE** HELLO COMIC FANS! Time once again for a journey beyond the BULLPEN DOOR, across the INVISIBLE BRIDGE that separates the private world of the respected comics professional from you, the lovely fan. We join our man, Dan Pussey at a turning point in his career. After only three years he has become one of the most successful penwriters in the business, turning out page after GEMME-CHATTERING page for Dr. Infinity's proud line of SUPER-CHAMPION comics.



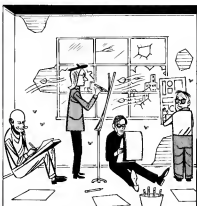
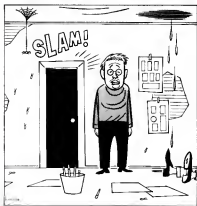
And yet, despite the accolades of fan and pro alike, young Pussey is not wholly content in the company of his peers. He expresses a growing dissatisfaction with his role as "Infinity's most famous young penwriter."

"Then you should write your own comics—that way you make twice the money and you can write stories that are safe to draw... All the really big artists write their own stuff when they get famous enough. I think you're ready..."







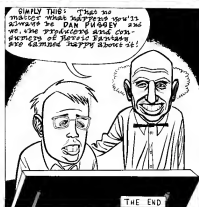
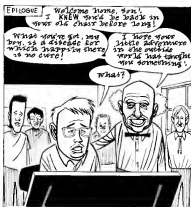












THE END



# WHAT CAN ROBOTS DO?

Make things.  
Progs.



Change  
identity.



I don't know what a Robot  
is -- never heard of it be-  
fore. I don't even know  
what you mean.



A Robot can make a  
hole in the ground.



Shoots up in the air and  
explodes up in the air.



Can he  
swim?

